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SALVATION ARMY, CANADA.

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Thrilling Life-Sketch

—OF—

CAPT. W. H. FRASER.

One of Eleven—Wore Like a Lion—Carried his Enemy with him in his Heart—The Devil's Biggest foe—Convicted—Paradised—Any where for Jesus!

One with my Lord, 'tis glorious to know
That I am broken and gone.

I thank God, because down deep in my soul I realize those two lines to be true. The barriers are gone, swept far away by the cleansing current of His love which has broken the barriers that once were between my soul and its God were many and of the deepest kind.

It was born in the year 1832 and raised in the town of Quinsboro', in the north of Yorkshire, Eng. There were eleven of us in the family, and I was the only delinquent one among them. I was

NEARLY ALWAYS RICE
and consequently was a great deal under my mother's eye, and the training and example set me by my parents was a godly one. My father and mother were good people, and had I followed out their counsel would have been, but no sooner was I able to go about with the boys than I went into sin with all my heart. It seemed as if I could not do enough for the devil to make up for the time his health had kept me within walls.

For some time I worked in the same place as my father, helping him, and although I knew the past is all under the sun, yet as I look back and think of those days there creeps over me a feeling of deep sorrow and shame for the way in which I would all the kindness and good counsel given me by that fond parent. I had such a nasty, devilish temper that the first thing that crossed me in the least would cause me to make things fly before me. Many a time I've sent the coils spinning across the shop and

CURSED AND SWORN LIKE A PIG, and it was at such times as these that my father's life proved to me that religion was the only way among sinners, but until I had cooled down, then in a gust, Christ-like way he would tell me of the wrong, and of how I was grieving the loving heart of the sinners' best Friend—Jesus. Although I would never like a whipping ear and make up my mind not to make such a fool of myself again; but when I would go away from school with me, and before I know what I was about I would be as bad as ever.

For the last four years of my life was being sent to the stocks for what I was to

SPEND A SOBER WEEK.

I would leave my home and go away some where, purposing to work and try and do better than my way among sinners, but it was no use, I carried my enemy with me in my heart, and at home or abroad, it was always the same. I would stay away until I brought bad clothes enough to cover me, then trace my steps home again, where I was always made to stay until I was straight for a day or so until I got money and clothes, and then I would be as bad as ever. And I was in an sin and devil's company until I brought something like twelve years ago God, through the Salvation Army.

THANKED ME IN MY MAD CAREER,
and made me look and live.

We often see the devil over-shoot the mark, and so he did in the case I'm about to describe. He got into the heart of an

two or three nights off the subject, "Christianity a Failure." They then set papers stuck up all over the place of it and quite a number of my chums said we would go.

But the devil was not getting to have it all his own way. There was a gentleman in our town who loved Jesus, and wife had seen the Salvation Army, and he thought if he could only get the Army to come and hold meetings the night of the lecture it might prevent much harm being done to the minds of the young people. He was right and was successful in getting the officers from Darlington to come over for two or three nights, so the devil sending the infidel was the means of bringing the Army.

THE DEVIL'S BIGGEST FOE.

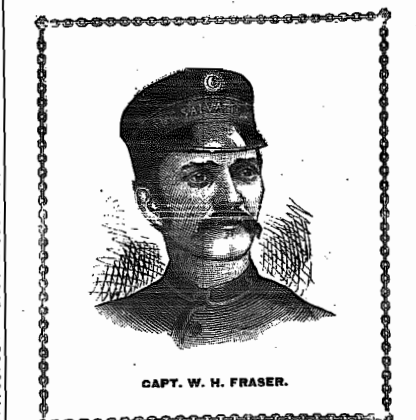
Praise God! Hallelujah!
Well, when we heard the Salvation Army was in town we said, "Well, now, we'll go Monday night to the Army, and Tuesday night to the lecture and hear both sides of the question." So on the Monday night I was found in the S. A. for the first time, and did so shook us up, so completely, that I went home to spend a sleepless

the past. The hall was full. My mates, school-boys and lots of others, who knew what I had been, saw me, and they laughed among themselves and said, "It won't be long until we have Fraser back again, we know him! he won't stand." But, praise God, they all have been deceived. I am in the light to-day.

Well, when I and eleven others got up from the platform they asked for our testimonies, and I turned, took my hat, and made a bow-line for the door, went right home and into my own room to pray. Next day I did not go to work, but went out to walk in the country by myself, and think about what God had done for me. While I was out someone came and told mother. Imagine the joy it gave them to know their wandering boy was

WRITTEN FOR FOLD OF GOD.

As there was a S. A. stationed at my home I went to the Methodist church, but soon the flag of yellow, red and blue, with the lightning, took up their position and I became a soldier and fought in the ranks between two and three years, then entered the T. H. at Cheltenham for three seventeen weeks, then entered the



CAPT. W. H. FRASER.

night, and at about four of the night, could you have looked into my room, you would have seen a wretched, sin-cursed lad crying in his bed pining for his troubled soul. But God wanted an open confession, I had

MINDING OPENLY.

He wanted me to seek pardon openly. So I made up my mind I would get saved Tuesday night, and as I worked on Tuesday night something might fall on me or happen to me and I'll live before the night meeting. But God spoke me, and Tuesday night, instead of going to the infidel's lecture I was again in the S. A. barracks. I took a room in the middle of the hall, and I went about the middle of the hall, and I told you, reader, God did shake me up, I sat the meeting through, and the next day, Sunday, the gentleman who had brought the officers there, was giving the testimonies, and I was out for Salvation, and although black, vice, sin, and devil,

GOD, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, PARADISED.

field as Lieutenant, was stationed at Wellington, Rhyl, South Wales, and I was on board of a ship, on route for Canada. I will say nothing of the passage, but I mention I gave my name in as a soldier. The way and I were over on friendly terms. My first station in Canada was at Toronto, S. A., commonly known as the Valley of Dry Bones. The first meeting I had, was on Monday night. The hall was full, and I remember it. The hall was full, and I remember it. The hall was full, and I remember it.

ANYHOW FOR JESUS.

and a little over a week afterwards I was on board of a ship, on route for Canada. I will say nothing of the passage, but I mention I gave my name in as a soldier. The way and I were over on friendly terms. My first station in Canada was at Toronto, S. A., commonly known as the Valley of Dry Bones. The first meeting I had, was on Monday night. The hall was full, and I remember it. The hall was full, and I remember it. The hall was full, and I remember it.

co home. That was the beginning, and for three months the devil raged, but God gave the victory, and when I left at the end of eight months we were able to march out sixty strong. My next station was Liverpool, N.S., but ill-health forced me to leave before I had a chance at the devil. My next was St. John I.L., then Chatham, Yarmouth, Charlottetown, P. E. I., and Halifax. Then came orders to farewell from the East and take charge of S. Catharines, Ont.

And as I look back over the past, I can say that never once has God's unfeeling arm been insufficient or His grace not able to sustain me at all times and in all places and under all circumstances and to-day I can say from the depths of my heart, that in living Jesus—Jesus ONLY—I possess a cluster rare, for to my soul He is "the Lily of the Valley and the Rose of Sharon fair." W. H. Fraser.

THE PRAYERFUL MUSE

General Booth and his Officers.

Brave heart! possessed of such a living faith!

Burns with such a love for all mankind!

That thou wouldst do what others have but dreamed!

How mighty London of her feeting rose!

And give her lowest a new light in life.

A chance to live, not weighed from the

And with the black heritage of sin and want.

And you, brave hearts! who form his chosen

Who will follow where your Leader calls.

Knowing it is to carry on the work

Of Christ in saving lost, degraded souls!

Who, who are longing for the trumpet call!

To action in this hour of noble fight!

Listen, ye brave! For from the crowdliest

shores.

Where such are keenly watching the event.

A cheer is rising, clearer every day.

And helping hands are stretching out to aid.

And wait your life-boat on the stormy

sea.

Still, through the cheering you can plainly

hear

Of the helpless and the blind din.

Rising from out the sea in black despair.

Where sin and want and every human

vice

Strangle their victims with "scientific"

arts.

This you have heard, now listen once

again—

Far on the distant shores of Paradise,

Where dwell the spirits of the holy dead!

God sends of praise to God are rising up

From that glad train well loved, but "gone

before."

They too, are praying, as we ought in

prayer.

And wait for you, "Now may God

uphold"

Your spirit fearless in the coming fray.

Guide you His counsel, lead to highest

ends

This work, which strives to kill "better

worlds."

English Cy.

A TESTIMONY.

I rejoice to know that my sin is washed away by the precious blood of Jesus. I was saved in the S. A. in 1882 and in God's Kingdom, and I mean to stay there. It has been the happiest part of my life since I started to fight for the Lord. I have done for me. It is my greatest desire to live to please Him. He keeps me saved the whole of the week. I love to watch, or do something that will be the most precious to God's Kingdom, and I mean to help to be a faithful and true soldier as long as I live. May God bless the movement, and help us to get right with Him before it is too late.

MARY GIBBS, Emerson.

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Lord for ever,

born joy, and to
and officer of the
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negation as "shut
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will." He is here
fite self with the

unto Me—unto Me."
VISITORS

EXPERIENCES

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...if we could mak
...a young man wh

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But salvation over-
" says John, " is
salvation for dis-
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so either get saved

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week; and on one
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nal. We are la
John into the hall

day I was sent
in my boat to

very long before
who I knew was
the time of day was
s.r." I said. "I'm
So I see," he said

I have sowed the seed over and left it to send down

and the sun, and
to come up. If I
am not responsible
to God I am still
guilty if I don't find
my reward."

er who got out
as his self, only
first church was
the summer. A

the band's appearance at the meeting. "I was not and could not be," he took up his C of the ring and would be in the

ough he came to
in what it is, the
out off me," I
as if you had to
would have laugh

TEST NEW

an interesting hit
which the Editor

his bitter con-
scheme. In his o-
as much as I fel-
the rest of the fl

no less than 200

Mrs. Major Harkin suddenly promotes formerly Capt. P.

Canadian officer.
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trial.
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e been invaded by

Sweden has decided
"England" in mon

The building
with a most
The new

... or more prisoners. Slating
was an old man. As soon as
uniform he dropped his head
as though he was crying. I
uniform must have brought
o his soul. I thought every

And this morning finds me in

My new arrival. "And I be-
going to have a good time
this summer," I said. I was
invited in the T.H. on Xmas
and Wisconsin St. for the meet-
ing. We formed up, and
Yonville. Friday we all went
Temple to write. On Satur-
day morning, I sold one of the
Christians. He said, "I had
of us to be conquerors." I
telling the other day I knocked
when it was opened by a little
and a voice say "come in." We
found a man lying on a bed
very much. He was invited
for three months. The
him he could not recover. And
nearly his time was short. He
he had wandered around the
to find something to satisfy
in almost every country, but
ing to give him the same
He told us how

Watch-Night Testimonies

ren. The past year has been a
through.
past year has been a happy one
to make this one the best I've
New Year finds me better saved
than I have in years. I can do both
it this. I've got to tell of Jesus
live.
I've proved for one last year
that I can do both. I can do both
to meet together. May we
look back over the year 1991 and
see that it was a profitable year.
I've found God's light. I've
I could not say this last year
I've conquered the devil.
I filed up. I can say no more.
I think last Christmas was
the S.A., but I'm not. I've done
I'd done so ten years ago. —
Christmas Day court.
I feel for what the Lord has done
I'll give me grace so I fight for
the Lord's help this year is going
over than the past.

And my God no less my Lord
 And my all on the altar. I never
 could it away.
 I glad I came back to the fold; I
 glad I'm a lover of the Lord.
 Two years ago I gave my heart to
 not a stranger to Him.
 I determined to make this year
 realize God is my helper.
 I past year I've not been true, but
 glad I'm saved and trusting
 God I'm saved and trusting
 glad I've entered the promised
 I received a great blessing to-night;
 of the fruits from this vineyard
 by day.
 I glad New Year's has this
 day I'll serve God and trust Him
 think and thin.
 as I say while looking over the past
 I think I've been true to God.
 I glad I'm saved—A Jailer.

Thank God for the improvement in
me since last year.
Thank God I've got an experience
man. He has kept me true to my
feel more like going on.
I'm real glad since God has saved
I am never ashamed of Him.
My experience is that His Spirit
dwells with mine that I am His
and to follow Him all the way.
CAPT. TUCKER.

HALLELUJAH CHRISTMAS

[illegible]

and reverberation filled the city with melody, from Coal Harbor to False Creek—and could old Billie Dawson have arisen

side down, have come here also." A splat
did meaning inside, and ANOTHER splat

[illegible]

—soloed by Lieuts. Kadey, Reid and C. McInyre, red-hot testimonies and, at

ministry officers. Then the Staff-Capt took hold and gave one of the most interesting and most stirring exhortations that I have ever listened to in Vancouver and the happiest Xmas that has ever occurred since the close of the year was saved. Praise God! The Staff-Capt taking regular thunder-storm, and a cyclonic twist together.—*Methodist Australasian*.
E. L. HIGGINS

WHAT THE PRIEST THOUGHT ABOUT THE GENERAL'S BOOK.

I had been spending the day in "the study" of the "General's" book, and

around Charette, a small town in Oregon, and had just got into the train, on my way back to Headquarters, when a Mother of the Catholic priest appeared on the platform of the station. He evidently saw my uniform through the carriage window, recognized it as belonging to a "military officer," and entered the same compartment. He had barely time to take his seat, before I had entered into conversation with him about the theme of the day—The Good Book. He had not read it, as the General knew English, but he had read some of the numerous references to it which

did he think of the schem? "The wonderful thing of the century!"

who
His
he wished it had been made to
Belgium—nay the whole world, instea
dealing solely with our country. Thi

him
tact,

would work? Yes, he was sure it could
fail with such a systemised Army
leader. He bought from me a copy of

Belgian "WAR CRY"—the "Guerre"—which contained an interesting article on the Social Reform Wing workshop in Whitechapel. He devoted the article with great interest, and pressed himself as being delighted.

Before we left on either he assured that he thought if we prayed much, continued to work so zealously for poor and oppressed, we might hope to go to enter heaven. I told him I was, too, and we said good-bye.

THOS. H. KITCHING, Adjutant.

—Eng. Cry.

